

THE CHESTER.

Bad Sanitary Condition Delayed Sailing of the Transport.

NO VENTILATORS FOR HOLD

The Big Transport About to Sail for Porto Rico, Had Not Enough Food or Water.

Lack of provisions, water and ventilating apparatus all contributed to keep the big United States transport Chester, with 1,200 troops on board, at anchor in the Upper Bay instead of steaming toward Porto Rico.

In addition to the troops, the Chester has 300 horses and a like number of mules. The troops comprise the First Regiment of United States Volunteer Engineers, under Colonel Griffin, and the drivers and teamsters who are to handle the mule trains. The men were taken aboard last Saturday when they arrived from Peekskill, and Captain Emond, of Company L, who was officer of the deck yesterday, said that when the men reached the Chester there were few provisions on which to feed them.

Worse still, it was found that there were no ventilators or fans communicating with the lower deck, where many of the troops are to sleep. Manifestly the ship could not go to sea without these fans, and the sound of hummers was heard in the interior of the huge transport all day yesterday. The men were allowed on deck in detachments, and some were granted a few hours' shore leave. Lighters and water boats were alongside throughout the day, and water and stores aboard. Captain Emond said the Chester would leave before daylight today.

The horses and mules had been quarantined on the main deck. The majority of the men were placed in the 'tween deck section and on the deck below that. They were expected to sleep two deep in hammocks, which are to be folded up during the day. The room on the main deck not used by the men is also used as sleeping quarters for the men. The teamsters sleep there in hammocks.

The men took their meals yesterday as best they could, amid the hurry of taking on stores. Captain Emond, when asked concerning the delay of the Chester, said: "The ship was not in shape to receive the troops when we came aboard. The Chester was a passenger carrier, and there was therefore no need until now for ventilators in the lower deck; but we must carry these men in the compartments formerly used for cargo, and to give them all the food and water possible. This work has taken the greater part of the day, but we expect to get away to-night or early in the morning."

Another delay was the lack of provisions. We did not have enough to give the men full rations last night, but we have been taking on a full supply today. There was no means of heating the coffee, and the troops have just had their first taste of a hot beverage. They found means to heat it themselves. "The officers are crowded, too, and have to sleep two and three in a stateroom. The men are all in first-class condition. They are one of the finest bodies of men that have ever left New York."

One of them, Private Simms, of Company G, received one of his comrades who fell overboard this afternoon. Private Higgins was seated on the rail when he was seized with vertigo and dropped headlong into the bay. Simms, without a moment's hesitation, plunged after Higgins and held him up until a line was thrown and caught by the other boys.

The stores were being stowed aboard yesterday and piled up on the main deck. There was no attempt made to stow them away from the water. The steam yacht Natchez, with her owner, Charles R. Flint aboard, steamed up to the Chester twice during the afternoon, and her appearance was greeted with cheers from the men who welcomed any diversion. The Staten Island ferry boats were also steered close to the big vessel, and the pleasure seekers on their decks hurried and waved their handkerchiefs to the soldiers.

The Chester is one of the largest transports in the service. She registers 4,770 gross tons, and is in better shape than the majority of the transports secured by the Government. She has a handsome saloon midship, and can carry at least three hundred cabin passengers. She was formerly the Inman line steamship City of Chester, and later, when she became one of the American line, the name was shortened to Chester.

THIRTY-ONE PLAQUE VICTIMS REMOVED

Unsanitary Condition of Swinburne Island and Induced Dr. Doty to Release Them—Hospital for Montauk Point.

Thirty-one of the sick soldiers who returned from Cuba on the Concho, and who were detained by the Quarantine authorities at Swinburne Island on suspicion of being infected with yellow fever, were yesterday released from the Quarantine Hospital by Dr. Doty and transferred to the Governor's Island hospital, which had been specially prepared for their reception. The men were by no means recovered from the effects of the diseases contracted in Cuba and on the terror ship in which they were transported, and presented a woful spectacle as they were carried or assisted on board the Quarantine tug.

Fifteen of them were so feeble that they had to be carried on litters from their beds to the tugboat, where they were laid on the decks and on the floor of the cabin, and many of them looked as though a fatal end of their terrible sufferings could not be far distant.

Those who were fit to move about all expressed great pleasure at being removed from Swinburne Island, where the sanitary conditions were anything but perfect. The army surgeons in charge of the men were so dissatisfied with the unsanitary state of the place as a hospital that they found it would be impossible to keep the soldiers to have them removed at all hazards.

Dr. Doty was induced to sanction the release of the men from quarantine on Saturday. Even the men who were in an exceedingly low condition from typhoid fever and malaria, and when a necessary article of medicine or supplies was found to be lacking there was no possibility of getting it without much red tape regulations, and the quiring of official signatures and delays innumerable, which tried the endurance of doctors and patients.

On arriving at Governor's Island the sick of the men were carried to the hospital building, the others being housed in special buildings, and when necessary articles of medicine or supplies were found to be lacking there was no possibility of getting it without much red tape regulations, and the quiring of official signatures and delays innumerable, which tried the endurance of doctors and patients.

A division hospital is about to be constructed at Montauk Point, to which place a corps of army nurses will be sent today.

How Strike Nearing an End.

George H. Warren, national director of the International Machinists' Union, reported yesterday that the strike of the machinists in H. H. & Co.'s factory would probably be settled this week.

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY ENDORSES THE SCHOOLBOYS' PLAN TO BUILD A WAR SHIP.



Writes a Letter of Recommendation for the Ohio Lads.

TREATED LIKE DIPLOMATS.

Young Patriots to Boom Their Project in the Leading Cities of the East.

Washington, Aug. 7.—No two recent visitors to Washington have met with such flattering official reception as W. Rankin Good and Harry J. Price. The offices of Cabinet Ministers have been open for them to stroll in and, figuratively, sit on the arm of the Secretary's chair. Even the President's room, difficult of access to everybody, was as easy to these boys as boarding a street car.

Varying from his custom hitherto rigidly adhered to, President McKinley, after a half hour's talk, gave them the letter which is reproduced here:

Executive Mansion, Washington, August 4, 1898.
My Dear Sir:—The circular which you have presented to me outlining your plan for raising a fund with which to build and present to the Government a battle ship has greatly interested me.

Love of country and devotion to the flag were never more conspicuous in America than they are to-day, and I am sure our boys and girls will deem it a privilege to be numbered among the contributors to this patriotic undertaking. Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

It is the first endorsement of any project, the only "letter of recommendation," which the President has personally given since he came into office. As has been printed in the Journal, the boys have imposed upon themselves the task of collecting money to build a battle ship to replace the Maine. They have invented a plan, or more properly elaborated the plan, which occurred to young Good four days after the disaster, for the collection of money from the school children of the country. The project was turned into the Navy Department to build a ship to be known as "The American Youth."

All the Cabinet officers except Secretary Long gave them letters of endorsement. In fact, their "ditty boxes" are filled principally with circulars from Mayors, Senators and other potentates. Secretary Long said to them that the United States had sufficient money and authority to build war ships without resorting to the collection method. It would cause more department trouble than the plan was worth, in the Secretary's opinion. This did not worry the American youths. They walked down the marble corridor to Secretary Day's office, mingled in the diplomatic discussion with Baron Fava and bore away another letter.

To-morrow the boys take up the route to Baltimore. There they will make short talks in the Board of Trade building, accept such contributions to the battle ship fund as may be forced upon them. From Baltimore they will go to Philadelphia, and thence to New York. An invitation to speak on the Stock Exchange, says young Mr. Good, would be favorably entertained by either Mr. Price or himself.

These two young patriots are but schoolboys, but give promise of great ability as promoters.

Good is short, round-faced and with curly hair. He wears a uniform which is a marvel. It is predicated, apparently, on the naval regulations, with a dash of the vivandiere and drum major. When his attention was called to the absence of coherency in his uniform, he replied modestly: "Well, you see, I'm from Cincinnati, and we have no navy to speak of there. I don't know much about the regulations. What I wanted was a uniform that would be striking."

Young Mr. Price wears no distinguishing regiment. These boys come with the best possible social and other endorsements, and lift up its voice in gratitude to God for the glorious result of our conflict with Spain. We have gained priceless wisdom with a trifling expense.

After enumerating various benefits which will come to us as a result of the war, Mr. Dixon prophesied a period of great commercial prosperity. This he said, would come because of a greater faith we now have in our country, and because of the greater faith other nations have in us.

Carbine All Right, but no Pistol.

Anthony Carbine, twenty-two years old, of Harrisburg, Pa., was arrested in Newark yesterday for carrying a revolver.

He Will Preach About Roosevelt Next Sunday—Thinks Alger Should Resign.

A large audience gathered at the Grand Opera House, Eighth avenue and Twenty-third street, yesterday morning, to hear the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., talk upon the subject of "A Glorious Peace."

Mr. Dixon announced that he would begin next Sunday a series of sermons on "Heroes and Failures of the War." "I propose," Mr. Dixon said, "to speak of individuals. I am going to begin with Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, whom I think the greatest hero of the war; then Secretary of War Alger, who I think should resign; and, then, President McKinley, who I think has developed in the opinion of the American people since the war began."

The most thrilling thing on earth next to the call to arms, is the news of peace," said Mr. Dixon. "The nation to-day should lift up its voice in gratitude to God for the glorious result of our conflict with Spain. We have gained priceless wisdom with a trifling expense."

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Each Paid \$5 for Fool Mistake.

The two New Yorkers who made the grievous error of mistaking Police Inspector Thompson for a countryman on Saturday evening at Seventh avenue and Third street, and who tried to bargain with him, were fined \$5 apiece in the West Side Court yesterday.

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DEATH TOOK HIM WHO WOULD KILL.

Jimmie Dillon and His Dog Drowned Together in Newark Creek.

"TIGE" DOOMED TO DIE.

In a Bag the Boy Carried the Dog Into the Water, but Both Sank to the Bottom.

It really wasn't much of a dog any way you looked at it—indeed, supercilious people had been heard to say that it looked like an animated doormat—but to Jimmie Dillon "Tige" was handsomer than the best dog that ever took a prize at a bench show.

The original meeting between Jimmie and "Tige" took place in a snowdrift, into which the dog had been thrown by some boys. According to all Sunday school precedents the animal ought to have been grateful to Jimmie for rescuing him, but he wasn't. Instead, he mistook Jimmie for one of his original tormentors and chased him clear home.

Jimmie made friends with the animal through the medium of a bone and his mother that the dog had followed him home, which was entirely true. It happened that there was a dog vacancy in the home of the Dillons at Trenton, N. J., and the canine was given the place. That night he was tied up in the yard, but he mourned so deeply for the scenes of his puppyhood that Jimmie got leave to bring him in and let him sleep in a closet. Once more there was gratitude due, but when Tige was liberated in the morning it was found that he had eaten up one leg of Jimmie's knickerbockers and had also consumed a shoe.

Jimmie's father is fond of dogs, and so is Mrs. Dillon, but the frequency with which Jimmie needed new clothes, to say nothing of sticking plaster, slowly undermining the popularity of dogs in the Dillon household. Jimmie was told some time ago, that if "Tige" could control his appetite for cloth and leather he would have to be executed. Friday "Tige" ate another shoe; Friday evening a man called for the dog tax.

These things coming together wrought upon the father of Jimmie so that he said "Tige" must be drowned. He told Jimmie that the Dillon household must be dogless by the time he came home from work Saturday evening. Jimmie wept and implored and "Tige" barked, but the father was obdurate.

Three times on Saturday Jimmie, sack in hand, sought to execute the decree of his father, but each time he failed. He was undowned and his father was due at home before he finally popped "Tige" to a sack, and, crying bitterly, started for the creek.

At the water side Jimmie could not bear to throw his pet into the creek, so he undressed, and taking the sack in his arms, waded out with the dog. When he was breast deep "Tige" struggled, and Jimmie, who could not swim, missed his footing and fell into a deep hole.

A young woman who was passing tried to rescue Jimmie, but the water was so deep and he was drowned. Jimmie and "Tige" died together. Later, searchers found the little white body and carried it home. One of Jimmie's school fellows, knowing nothing of the hurt he would inflict, drew from the water the sack which contained "Tige's" body and carried it to the Dillons' house.

A Policeman Grober Turned the Tables.

Thrashed Two Corner Rowdies Who Laid in Wait for Him.

Frank Smith and James Clancy, members of a gang of corner rowdies who make their headquarters at Twenty-ninth street and Second avenue, started out Saturday night to thrash Policeman Frederick C. Grober because he always disturbs their curbside debates.

"Drop your stick, and I'll lick you," said Smith.

The policeman dropped his stick, thrashed Smith and locked him up in the station house.

"Drop your stick, and I'll lick you," said Clancy, when he met Grober returning to post.

The stick was laid aside, and another bruised prisoner occupied a cell.

Clancy and Smith now have work on the Island that will keep them busy for five days.

Different Sort of a Hero.

Mr. Hambus—Did you see my son's picture in the papers this morning?

Mr. Gobang—No, I haven't had a chance to look at the papers to-day. I didn't know that your son had gone to war.

What has he done—cut a cable or sunk a collier, or—

Mr. Hambus—No, he hasn't gone to war, but in the big village baseball game yesterday he flung out two three-baggers and a home run.—Chicago News.

AIDED BY MRS. PINKHAM.

Mrs. W. E. PAXTON, Youngtown, North Dakota, writes about her struggle to regain health after the birth of her little girl:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to your list, hoping that it may induce others to avail themselves of your valuable medicine.

"After the birth of my little girl, three years ago, my health was very poor. I had leucorrhoea badly, and a terrible bearing-down pain which gradually grew worse, until I could do no work. Also had headache nearly all the time, and dizzy feelings. Menstruations were very profuse, appearing every two weeks.

"I took medicine from a good doctor, but it seemed to do no good. I was becoming alarmed over my condition, when I read your advertisement in a paper. I sent at once for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking two-thirds of the bottle I felt so much better that I sent for two more. After using three bottles I felt as strong and well as any one.

"I think it is the best medicine for female weakness ever advertised, and recommend it to every lady I meet suffering from this trouble."

Maternity is a wonderful experience and many women approach it wholly unprepared. Childbirth under right conditions need not terrify women.

The advice of Mrs. Pinkham is freely offered to all expectant mothers, and her advice is beyond question the most valuable to be obtained. If Mrs. Paxton had written to Mrs. Pinkham before confinement she would have been saved much suffering. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

Italian Killed in Park Ave. Tunnel.

D. Dommerio, an Italian laborer, twenty-nine years old, who formerly lived in Unionville, Westchester County, was struck by a train and killed in the tunnel of the New York Central Railroad, at Park avenue and Ninety-fourth street, late on Saturday night.

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STOLE MILK FOR A SICK COMRADE.

Private Mills Was Ill in Cuba and Needed Lactaeal Fluid.

BAKER TELLS ABOUT IT.

He and Comrade Cannon Related War Stories to the Families of Soldiers.

A glimpse of what war in Cuba really is was disclosed at a dinner yesterday by Mrs. James P. Mills, at No. 310 West One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street. She is the wife of a member of Company I, Seventy-first Regiment, still at Santiago. The guests of honor at the dinner were Harry Baker and George Cannon, comrades of Soldier Mills in the same company and regiment. Among the remaining guests were the wives, mothers and sisters of heroes still at the front.

Of course the soldier guests told war stories, and graphic recitals were told, too. The ladies only asked questions, and some of the replies brought tears, for the soldiers related many instances of suffering and hardship.

Soldier Mills said when Baker and Cannon left Cuba, and he is still on the hospital list.

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HOLD UP IN THE STREET BY WOMEN.

Enthusiastic Party Greeted James and William Titzell and Took Their Valuables.

James A. and William W. Titzell, of No. 100 West One Hundred and Fifth street, told an odd story of robbery yesterday to Magistrate Simms in the West Side Police Court.

At Thirty-eighth street and Seventh avenue on Saturday night they were most unexpectedly the centre of attraction, they said, of five persons—three women and two men. One woman deftly removed a diamond scarf pin from William's tie; another slyly investigated the waistcoat pocket of James.

The mysterious party then retired, but were arrested later. They were Kate and Annie Allen, William Brennan, Fred Schroeder and Mary Morris, of No. 273 West Twenty-ninth street.

Kate Allen was held in \$1,500 bail on the charge of stealing the pin. Brennan and the Morris woman will be examined to-day, they being charged with the larceny of \$5 from that she had been the man's wife for more than twenty years.

Fenstermaker is about fifty years old, and has a fine, gray-haired, one of whom is married. He was locked up.

W. L. TRENHOLM, President.

DIRECTORS: